

# The Nymph and the Wendigo

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Summary: The story of Wendell and Willow. Sort of a Percy Jackson story, but not really. XD Made it for my friend, he's the Wendigo, lol. Enjoy.

## The Nymph and the Wendigo

Willow sat in the tree, braiding her long silver hair that cascaded down her back. She sang aloud as she did so, a song that a satyr had sung to her a few days prior. She thought it was a fortunate thing that satyrs and nymphs could date, and she was going to the lake with him later.

She giggled at the thought of the tricks she could play on him. Willow was always known for her unpredictable actions. Maybe she could lure him into the water and throw him in? No, she'd be too weak. Maybe she could find out ifâ€

Willow's thoughts were cut short by a loud scream of pain, then another of anger.

"I'M GONNA EAT YOUR HANDS!" a familiar voice yelled.

Her head snapped up. She'd heard the screams of anger and pain before, from the kids at Camp Half-blood. But the sentence was the thing that made her stony gray eyes widen and her already pale skin drain completely of color.

She jumped down from the big willow tree, smoothed her long, white dress, and ran in the direction of the voice.

When she reached it, she let out a big sigh. Standing in front of her was a scared Half-blood with blond hair and green eyes, clad in armor and holding a sword shakily in front of her. The figure that the poor girl pointed the tip of the sword at was really tall and slender, with black skin and long fingers with claws at the tips. The thing had a stag's almost decomposed head and blood red eyes. It growled in the back of its throat, which made the poor child shiver. It was her

friend Wendell, the Wendigo.

Willow looked at the creature. "Wendell!" she shouted, stomping her bare foot. "How many times have I told you to leave the Half-bloods alone?"

The thing looked in her direction, then relaxed and spoke in a low, deep voice. "Willow?" it said. Then its body began to shimmer. The creature shimmered for a few seconds, then let the dust settle. When she could see again, Willow was looking at her friend, Wendell, in his human form. He looked at her with a cocky smirk, and she rolled her eyes as she walked to the girl, still shaking, and spoke softly.

"Everything's okay," she said, hoping it would soothe the child's nerves. It worked. The girl began to relax. "Now, go on back to camp, okay?"

She nodded and ran in the direction of Camp Half-blood. Willow straightened and looked at Wendell with a scowl. He shrugged.

"The kid started it," Wendell said, his voice that of a normal teenage boy.

"Well, that doesn't mean you can just go around threatening to eat her hands!" Willow snapped back.

"Aww, Willow!" Wendell whined. "It was just her hands! Why can't I just take one set of hands?"

"If you want hands, you can eat the enemies' hands when the war starts," Willow returned, starting to walk away.

Wendell, walking beside her, tried to get her to speak to him again. "Come on, Willow, I'm sorry."

No reply.

"Willow, don't. Stop it Willow."

Nothing.

"Willow," Wendell said sternly. "Talk to me, Willow!"

Not a word.

Wendell almost gave up, then remembered something a satyr had told him about Willow. Smiling, he slowed his pace slightly, walked behind her, then reached out and tickled her sides. "I said talk to me!" he said playfully.

To Wendell's satisfaction, Willow jumped and let out a small squeak. "Stop that!" she squealed, trying and failing to sound angry.

Wendell laughed. "Gotcha!" he shouted, threatening to tickle her again.

When she flinched away, Wendell wrapped an arm around her shoulders and pinched her nose. She rolled her eyes at him, but smiled

back.

"I'm just saying, Wendell. If you're willing to wait, there'll be a buffet of enemy hands for you to eat," Willow said. "So you can't eat the Half-blood's hands."

Wendell sighed. "Okay," he said back, then the two of them walked and talked about the most random things for hours.

End  
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